THE HAND THAT RULES THE WORLD.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Blessings on the hand of woman,
Angels guard its strength and grace
In the palace, cottage, hovel;
Oh! no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it;
Rainbows ever gently curved;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power may with beauty flow;
Mother's first to guide the streamlet;
From their souls unresting grow;
Grow on for good or evil;
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod;
Keep, oh! keep the young soul open
Always to the breath of God!
All the trophies of the ages
Are from Mother Love inearled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Darling girls, with Eden's music
Ringing yet in each young heart,
Learn and treasure household knowledge,
Precious in its humble part,
When you, too, exultant mothers,
Bravely do and gently gird,
Feel the hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman,
Fathers, sons and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship of the sky;
Mingled where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are curled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

The False Lover.

Jessie Rue was twenty-three. The sun of that birthday had just risen, and she stood before her looking-glass, fastening in her ears and about her dainty wrists the pearls that had been her uncle's gift the night before, when he said to her:

"Jessie, you are twenty-three. You are young and pretty still, but youth and women's beauty are fleeting things. I cannot live long, and I do not want you to be left alone, an unprotected spinster, when I die. Make your choice before long, and give your old uncle some chance of blessing you on your wedding day."

"Poor uncle!" sighed Jessie, brushing away a tear. "He is worth twenty lovers to me, dear old man! Why does he want me to marry? Make my choice! Well, who should it be? Ashley Honeywell—certainly the handsomest man in our set? He admires me. It would be worth the trouble to make him love me. And the doctor!" she laughed. "Oh, how much he is in love with me! A smile makes him happy; neglect breaks his heart. Oh, no! You are too plain, too small, and as bald as an egg. I shan't choose you, Doctor Manly."

Pinning a coquettish little bow in her hair as she said these words, Jessie left the glass and ran down stairs and out into the garden, where she always spent an hour before breakfast. A gentleman was there already—a pleasant-looking man, who wore a large hat of Panama straw, and a collar that exposed his handsome throat.

"Good-morning, Miss Rue!" Dr. Manly cried, taking off his big hat. "I have come to beg some flowers for a patient."

"You must always help yourself to flowers for your sick folk, and I shall be prouder of my garden than before," said Jessie. "Lend me your knife."

And when he had opened it for her she cut him a bouquet, fragrant and beautiful, and arranged it with unerring taste, and made him hold it while she bound it together with some silk from a reel she had in her embroidered apron pocket, while he looked at her with admiration all the while. When at last he thanked her and went away, Jessie laughed.

"I don't believe in your patient, Dr. Manly," she said to herself. "It was only an excuse to see me!"

And she thought so every morning when he came for his flowers. She saw him oftenest in the morning. Ashley Honeywell she met where she visited at teas and dancing parties. How Jessie wished the two men could be changed in some way. Ashley was the man she intended to choose; but sometimes that light in the dark gray eyes under the doctor's great straw hat made her wish that he were Ashley and Ashley he.

Time passed. Some little things happened. Ashley had openly declared his admiration. They were on the point of being engaged, and the doctor suddenly ceased to be lover-like. He came for the flowers still; but she knew now that he did not do it that he might meet her. He took them to a patient. Once, taking a long walk, she had paused at a little cottage on the roadside to ask for a drink of cool well water, and had seen in a chair near the door, a girl as lovely as an angel, though she was evidently still quite ill. Near her, in a great glass pitcher, stood a bouquet of flowers, that Jessie thought she recognized as those she had plucked that morning in her own garden.

"Those flowers are beautiful, are they not?" the sick girl asked of Jessie, while the little boy ran for fresh water. "A dear friend brings them to me every day. He says a lady has told him I may have all I want. He brings them a long way. The lady must be very rich, I think. I fancy her old, white-haired—something like my grandmother in her pretty lace cap. I have all sorts of fancies in this invalid chair."

Then the nurse came in, and Jessie said good-bye.

"He has not even described me," she thought; and, oh! how lovely this girl is! And then she found herself crying. That evening she engaged herself to Ashley Honeywell.

The doctor came for his flowers; she picked them for him, but she did not smile as she used, nor did he look into her eyes. With every motion of the hand that held the flowers which she cut he saw the flash of Ashley Honeywell's engagement-ring.

One morning, as she sat at work upon the porch, a boy hurried up the path. She remembered him as the child who had brought the water in that pretty cottage parlor where she had seen the beautiful invalid to whom Dr. Manly took her flowers.

"Is the doctor here—Dr. Manly?" he asked. "I was told he might be. Miss Gwendoline is dying. Aunt Jane says. Oh, miss! if you only can tell me where to find him! He'll save her if anyone can!"

The child was crying. Jessie felt troubled and agitated.

"The doctor must be on his round of visits," she said. "I'll send Jack to look for him."

She called the lad who helped the gardener, and bade him to go with the little fellow and search for the doctor. And then she hastily donned her riding-habit and rode away towards the cottage—why, she did not know, or whether she could do any good; but her heart bade her go.

She alighted at the door and entered in haste. The girl sat in her chair; the old nurse stood behind her. She made a little sign to Jessie, and the girl went into the kitchen with her.

"She is sinking fast," she said. "I sent my nephew for the doctor an hour ago."

"I know," said Jessie, "that is why I came."

"The boy is searching for him. Say nothing to frighten her," said the woman.

Jessie gave her a look.

"I qu te understand," she said.

Then she sat down by Gwendoline's chair.

"You have come," said the girl. "I am so glad—glad. They came this this morning. I saw both of them. You don't know, perhaps. Mother smiled, father looked stern; but they will forgive me after awhile. They are both dead; but they came; I saw them."

"In a dream?" asked Jessie.

"No," said Gwendoline. "Their spirits came. Think how strange it was. You know I was engaged to my cousin, Dr. Manly?"

"No," said Jessie, "I did not know."

"I was," said Gwendoline, "but I jilted him. He was not handsome. He was grave and older than I, and I liked Ashley—Ashley Honeywell—and one night I ran away. Oh, it was years ago. I am five-and-twenty now; I was seventeen then; and my father died of it, and my mother—oh, I was a wicked girl. We went to Italy. He married me with a ring. He said it was a true marriage. I believed it; but one day he told me it was no marriage at all. He was in love with an Italian woman—a singer. I spoke of it and of myself as a wife to whom he should be true. Then he said I was not his wife. He said I was a fool to believe that a ring and a vow between us two could make me one, and I ran away. I hid on a steamer coming to America. I was starved and frozen when they found me. I had this cold. They were good to me, and brought me here. But my parents were dead, and the only one who knew me was the man I had jilted—my cousin, Dr. Oliver Manly.

"Oh, how strange it was! What a heart he has! He brought me here to old Hannah, a servant of ours once. What is your name?"

"Jessie," replied the other girl, softly.

"You don't know Ashley Honeywell?" asked the girl. "You do not know him. He is far away, I suppose—far over the sea. You never knew him."

"I know him now," said Jessie, softly.

"Yes, because I have told you," said Gwendoline. "I left him; but I never forget him. So beautiful! Such eyes! All women love him."

Jessie bent her head upon the pale hand she held, and tears fell.

"Don't cry for me," said Gwendoline. "I am going very soon to heaven—to my mother. I shall pray there that some good girl will love cousin Oliver—some beautiful woman—like—you." She ceased speaking, and a soft smile crept over her face. "Mother," she sighed, "mother."

The sound of wheels filled the cottage room. The doctor's gig was coming. He was there.

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That evening Jessie stood alone with Ashley Honeywell, and drew his engagement ring from her finger, and gave it to him.

"Why?" he asked.

"I have met Gwendoline," she said. "To-day I saw her die. Do I need say more, Mr. Honeywell?"

"You believe her story?" he asked.

"I do indeed," she answered.

"And you intend to look for a man who shall have no little follies to regret before you make your choice?" said he. "You will search long."

She turned from him with contempt and he left her.

Down in the garden someone moved to and fro. It was Doctor Manly. He was gathering white chrysanthemums—the last flowers of the garden. Jessie went to his side; without a word she began to help him. They were the last flowers he would ever gather for Gwendoline's sake. They were strewn in her coffin, and she slept in their midst, with that soft smile upon her face; and Jessie seemed to hear again those words:

"I will pray that some good woman may love cousin Oliver, and make him happy," and she seemed to hear them years afterwards when she had long been Dr. Manly's wife.

A Rather Mean Community.

When Mr. Curtis, of Rosendale, went to Dakota after the remains of his sister who perished in the recent blizzard, he settled up with the school district for which she had been teaching, and they made him discount the amount due her 12 per cent. before they would pay it, claiming that she did not finish the term.—*Waupun Times.*

VETERANS' DEPARTMENT.

Buying Cotton in 1863.

Surgeon Watson was a cotton buyer in 1863. He had been a regular army surgeon, and was with General Taylor in the Mexican campaign. Hence he had had much experience as a military surgeon. He had long left the army when the rebellion broke out, but in the summer of 1863, he entered a volunteer regiment as surgeon. Being under the command of a stripling of a colonel, who showed too much disposition to interfere with what the doctor considered his own prerogatives, he tendered his resignation and retired from the army.

But he could not be contented at home when he knew his services were required in the field.

In the autumn of 1862, the post of Corinth, Miss., then in possession of federal troops, was attacked by a large confederate force, under Van Dorn and Price. A desperate struggle ensued, which resulted in the defeat of the confederates. Many wounded confederate as well as federal soldiers, crowded the hospitals, and Watson hastened to Corinth and offered his services. They were gladly accepted.

But after the wounded were made comfortable—all the important operations had been completed and the hospitals were in smooth running order, the doctor was ready to return to the north.

At this time, there had accumulated upon the hands of General Rosecrans, several thousand refugee negroes—then termed *contrabands*—and Surgeon Watson was requested to take charge of them for a few weeks.

During the time he was in charge of these contrabands, he gathered much information with regard to the great staple of the south, and this information led him to become a cotton buyer.

This was regarded as a very dangerous business, especially within the confederate lines. But the profits were so great and the chances to make fortunes in a few successful operations were so much in favor of the fearless buyer, that men were found willing to run all risks of capture, imprisonment, and even death, in the prosecution of this exciting business.

The confederate authorities were especially severe on all persons captured while engaged in this traffic. Orders had been issued by Jeff. Davis and his subordinates to shoot and hang northern men suspected of entering the lines in the capacity of cotton buyers; while southern citizens were forbidden to sell the staple, save to southern agents.

The object of these orders was not only to prevent cotton from finding its way to the northern markets, but to secure it all for the friends, the British blockade runners.

But human nature is the same, whether in the bosom of southern chivalry, or the breast of money-making Yankees. And as greenbacks were regarded as more reliable than southern bonds or confederate gray-backs, the planters were only too glad to deal with the Yankee cotton-buyers for the former.

Special revenue permits were sold by government agents to the adventurous buyers; and military officers having local jurisdiction, extorted heavily—a sort of blackmail for licenses—as the orders usually read, "for secret service money, subject to order of the general commanding;" which 'secret service' was strongly suspected to be in the trousers' pockets of the commanding officers.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, and extra extortionate freights over government railroads, sops to underlings etc., the profits were so great that, as I have already said, there were brave and money-loving men, who were willing to run all risks to gain this much coveted staple.

It always appeared to Watson, as a singular policy on the part of the government and its officials, that instead of encouraging the obtaining and forwarding of cotton to the north, where it was just then so much needed, they should throw so many obstacles in the way of these adventurers who ran so many risks to hunt up and purchase it.

The doctor made Corinth his 'base of operations,' and proved a very successful buyer.

Armed with revenue permits, local license provost marshal permits, and all the necessary paraphernalia of red tape, he was continually on horseback, visiting the outposts and over circle of picket stations, where planters having cotton to sell would meet him and contract their crops; or having come with wagons loaded with the staple, would deliver it into his own wagon on the spot. They were not permitted to enter our lines. If supplies, such as our settlers could furnish, were required by the people bringing in cotton, a special permit was necessary, and the articles and quantities in each case were specified.

A pound or one yard over the stipulated amount mentioned in the Provost Marshal's permit would subject the cotton buyer to severe penalties and expulsion from the lines.

A large pile of cotton bales accumulated in the public square of Corinth, besides much that had been shipped to Memphis, the result of the doctor's purchases.

Many of these bales had been obtained by solitary trips into the lines of the enemy, where guerrillas and other troops were constantly on the scout for cotton buyers.

Generally the planters desirous of selling their cotton to the best advantage would give information, which would save him from capture, they would sometimes protect the buyer when pursued by guerrillas, or hide them safely till the danger was passed.

Sometimes Watson owed his safety to his revolver and the speed of his horse. Cotton buyers were mounted on the most reliable animals to be bought for money.

One day, it was in December, the doctor rode out to the Tuscumbia creek. This was some eight miles from Corinth, and was one of the stations of the advanced pickets. It was a cavalry station. Beyond this point the country was occasionally scoured by guerrillas and Confederate cavalry.

On this occasion Watson's pass specified a permit 'to go as far as the cavalry picket at Tuscumbia creek.' But from some cause or other, the officer, whose duty it was to station the pickets, had neglected to post the usual guard at the bridge.

He had ridden to this point to meet a Colonel McCaule, a resident planter, whose crop he had partially bargained for.

McCauley was not there, as agreed upon probably deeming it not safe to cross the creek into the Union lines in the absence of the usual guard and knowing there was no guard, did not expect the doctor.

The bridge was the neutral ground on which buyers and sellers made terms. It was known among the soldiers as the 'Cotton Buyers' Exchange.'

As there was considerable competition among the purchasers, Watson was disappointed in not meeting the planter he had come so far to see.

He looked at his pass. There it was explicitly specified that he might go 'as far as the cavalry picket.' But there was no picket guard there. McCauley lived but two miles beyond the bridge. It was necessary that he should see him, as there was much to be made by the purchase of this man's cotton.

He rode on to the bridge. All was quiet. There were no indications that any party of the enemy were within miles of the place.

'Who knows,' thought Watson, 'but the picket has been extended. I'll see.' And he ventured beyond the bridge and some distance into the swamp.

'Hang it!' he exclaimed, as he sank his spur into the flank of his horse, 'picket, or no picket, I'm now outside the old federal lines, and I must see McCauley, so here goes,' and galloping through the creek bottom, he tried to justify himself for this constructive disobedience of orders, by saying he had not yet reached the picket guard.

As he rode through the bottom, Watson examined carefully the path to see if any fresh horse tracks were to be seen. There were none.

This satisfied him that no guerrillas had approached the bridge since the cavalry guards had been last there. He therefore thought he ran no risk in passing on to the planter's house.

As was his habit, however, he had his revolvers in readiness, and kept a sharp look out about him as he rode through the woods.

The doctor had reached within sight of the clearing of the plantation he was in search of, when, in passing through a close thicket of second growth, he was startled by the sudden rustling of the dried leaves that strewed the ground.

Checking his horse for a moment, he drew one of his shot-shooters from his scabbard and listened. Thinking it might have been only the leaping of a frightened rabbit he was in the act of moving forward when, suddenly, a rifle shot close at hand, burst upon his ear, and his horse fell dead beneath him.

Instantly he found himself surrounded by a party of Confederate soldiers, and a half-score revolver muzzles staring him in the face.

Watson's first impulse was to empty his revolvers upon his assailants, but a second thought told him better. True, he might kill one or more of them, but what good could result from that?—the next moment his body would be riddled with bullets.

'Ha! ah! You d—d Yankee!' 'Drop your shooting irons, or we'll cool your carcass for you,' shouted a fellow who seemed to be the leader of the cutthroats. 'Throw down your gun at once. There's no use, old fellow, we're too many for you.'

Watson thought discretion was the better part of valor just then, and yielded.

'Well, boys,' said he, 'I'm your prisoner; but I don't think you give me a good show—a dozen of you against one poor fellow.'

'That's so, old chap,' good-naturedly answered one of the Confederates. 'We did get a little the start of you, that's a fact.'

'I've been a prisoner twice before,' said Watson, wishing to propitiate their good will, 'and 'tain't so bad after all, for the boys treated me well enough there, and I've no doubt you'll do the same.'

'Don't know about that, old fellow; but I reckon this is the third and last time you'll be a prisoner among us, for by——we've orders to hang all such as you.'

'I hope not so bad as that, my friends,' returned the doctor. 'But what do you intend to do with me now?' said he as he stepped away from the body of his horse.

'Oh! we won't hang you now, Yank, but come along this way. We'll take you to the lieutenant.

And disarming him, they surrounded the prisoner, and conducted him some half a mile into the swamp where he found a camp of about fifty cavalrymen. He was introduced to the officer in command of the party as 'a Yankee cotton buyer' they had just captured.

The lieutenant was a young man, wearing the gray uniform of the regular Confederate army. But his men were all dressed in the shabby, butternut, homespun of guerrillas. In fact they were a portion of the command of the guerrilla chief, Roddie, one of the cut-throat Forrest's followers.

The officer regarded Watson with an expression of severity, and demanded in no very gentle terms: 'What are you; and what the deuce brought you outside the Yankee lines?'

Knowing that it would be useless to attempt to deceive, the doctor frankly acknowledged that he was what his men had asserted, and when arrested by them was on his way to the most planter to make a purchase of cotton.

'If you are a Yankee cotton buyer, and came here to get McCauley's crop, I reckon you don't come empty handed. Have you any greenbacks?'

'I have a few,' replied the doctor.

'Well, hand them over old fellow. I reckon I'll take care of them for you. They'll be safer with me, you know, my fellows are great scamps and might rob you.'

Watson drew from his breast pocket a package containing several thousand dollars, and passed it over to the lieutenant, at the same time thanking him for what he pretended to think were the guerrilla's good intentions.

He then drew forth his watch, tendering it to the officer with a request to take charge of that also for him for the doctor had no doubt he would be robbed of that as well as of his money.

But to his surprise, he was told to return the watch to his pocket.

'I am no thief, Mr. Yank, if I have taken your money. That is a lawful capture; but your watch and clothes I have no claim to.'

'I thank you, lieutenant,' said the doctor, as he returned the time piece to his pocket. 'Now, my friend, will you enlighten me with regard to your intentions to me?'

'Yes, sir, if you are desirous to know. I was ordered to scout in the vicinity of the Yankee lines, to capture just such fellows as you who are buying up our cotton. And my orders are to either hang or shoot you. Now, old fellow, you can take your choice. Will you be choked to death with a grape vine; or would you prefer to die like a soldier?'

'Well, to tell the truth, lieutenant, just now I'd rather not die at all,' said Watson with a poor attempt at facetiousness. 'Hanging is the death of a felon, that you know I am not; and death by shooting is by no means agreeable.'

'Well, sir, you have but one hour in which to make your choice; for my orders are imperative. It's an unpleasant duty, sir, but I must be done. You, yourself ran this risk when you ventured from your lines.'

And walking away, the guerrilla lieutenant called for his orderly-sergeant to prepare for executing the prisoner.

Poor Watson was convinced that the guerrillas were in earnest, and really intended to carry out the orders to the letter. Death was staring him in the face and sixty minutes fleeting rapidly away was all that stood between him an eternity.

Yet he resolved to die manfully. He was naturally a brave man. This was evident enough, or he would not have been in his present dilemma. He was to be murdered in cold blood; but he would show his assassins that a Yankee could die without a betrayal of fear. And he calmly awaited the preparations which the orderly was then making. The lieutenant had given him his choice; and he had decided to be shot to death.

While these preparations were being made, the doctor was guarded by a single sentinel who appeared to regard him with consideration.

'It's pretty hard sir, I know,' he said. 'But lieutenant sharp's orders are very strict. I'm certain he hates the job as bad as I would; but it's as much as his own neck's worth to let you off.'

'Sharp! Sharp!' repeated the doctor. 'Is he a Mississippian?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the man. 'Why do you ask? Do you think you ever knew him?'

'No, I never saw him before. But my friend, will you do me the favor to call your officer?'

'Certainly, sir.'

And calling to a comrade, he requested him to say to the lieutenant that the prisoner wished to speak to him a moment.

The officer came. 'Well, my friend,' said he, 'what can I do for you?'

'Is your name Sharp?' asked Watson.

'Yes, that's my name.'

'Formerly of Benton, Yazoo county?' persisted the doctor.

'Yes, when at home, I live in Yazoo county.'

'Are you the son of John B. Sharp, a cotton planter of that county?'

'Yes. But why do you ask these questions?'

'Because I think I know your father. Was he a captain in the First Mississippi Rifles, under command of Col. Jeff Davis in Mexico?'

'Yes he was.'

'Did he not receive nine different wounds at the battle of Buena Vista?' continued the doctor.

'Yes, sir,' replied the lieutenant now, for the first time, showing an interest in Watson's questions. 'My father was severely wounded in that battle. For weeks, he told me, he lay balancing 'tween life and death in the hospital at Satillo, and but for the skill and kindness of the surgeon in charge of him he never would have reached home.'

'Well, lieutenant,' answered the doctor, 'I was his surgeon.' I picked him up upon the field after some of his company had rescued him shot, lanced and trailed by the enemy—and bore him to the rear and afterwards dressed his wounds and attended him till well enough to be sent to his home in Mississippi.'

'My God sir! What is your name?' demanded the officer now much excited.

'Watson.'

'Doctor Watson' Give me your hand, sir! I've heard my father speak of you a thousand times' and grasping the doctor's hand, the young man expressed the utmost surprise and cordiality. 'Doctor, I'm glad to know you, but I wish I'd never seen you, at least as a prisoner. But you may assure yourself, sir, that you shall receive at my hands none but the kindest treatment.'

'Then I am not to be choked to death by a grape vine?' said the doctor, laughing; for he was satisfied that he had found a friend in the young man, and there was a decided improvement in his prospects.

'No, sir. Not by me; but I am deucedly sorry, doctor, my men happened to take you. So kind a friend of my father's, however, is safe while with me; but I regret to say that I fear it will not be well for you when I turn you over to Col. Roddie, who is my superior.'

'But lieutenant,' replied the doctor, 'Why turn me over to the tender mercies of that man? What if I should make my escape and get inside the union lines once more?'

He said this to sound his captor, thinking it possible that in consideration of his friendly feelings to one who had been a friend of his father, the officer might be disposed to relax his watchfulness, and thus give him a chance to get away.

The young man understood that hint. 'No, no, doctor. While you are my prisoner you shall be treated with respect; but I shall do my duty as a soldier. I shall feel under honor bound to keep a watchful guard over you, unless you will give me your parole not to escape.'

'I cannot do that,' replied the doctor. 'I shall most certainly escape if possible.'

'I certainly should not blame you, doctor. I'm sure I should do the same, under similar circumstances; and,' continued the lieutenant, looking about to see that he was not observed by his men, and speaking in a low tone of voice, 'I wish to return your money. Here it is, but don't let the men suspect that you have it.'

It was now about the middle of the day, and the guerrillas were preparing their dinners. Watson was invited to join the lieutenant, and having his appetite sharpened by the ride, and the new turn in his prospects, he managed to stow away his share of the rations.

Shortly after dinner, the bugle sounded 'boots and saddles,' and the party took up their line of march in a southerly direction.

Watson was furnished with a horse, his own saddle having been stripped from his dead horse, and restored to him, and riding by the side of the lieutenant, at the head of the column, was treated by that officer more as a guest than a prisoner.

At night the two slept by the same camp fire. Indeed the guerrilla shared his blankets with the doctor, and endeavored in every way to make his situation as agreeable to him as possible.

The prisoner observed everything about him intending, if an opportunity presented, to attempt to escape. But this night a strong guard was placed about the camp, and a sentinel also posted near his fire.

During the afternoon he had noticed that the orderly sergeant was mounted on a splendid blood bay mare. She was a beautiful creature, and had all the fine points of a thoroughbred.

'If I could get possession of that animal,' thought the doctor, 'and had a little the start I'd defy anything else there is in the company to prevent my return to the union lines.

He lay awake a good part of the night, pretending, however, to sleep, but the watchful eye of his sentinel was continually upon him, and, towards morning, seeing no chance of escape, he resigned himself to sleep, and rested well till aroused by the bugle call for breakfast.

The following day the guerrillas moved leisurely along, stopping several times at plantations along the road, to feed their horses, and procure supplies for the men. The lieutenant and his prisoner dined at the house of a friend of the former.

That night, being so far from the Union lines, the lieutenant did not deem it necessary to post a guard about camp, and the guerrillas, after partaking of an abundant supper, were soon sound asleep. The doctor and his friendly captor again occupied the same blankets, and also yielded to the drowsy god. At least, one would have supposed so, from the sounds that proceeded from their blankets. No doubt the lieutenant had departed to the land of dreams; but the prisoner may have only simulated the natural sounds of sleep.

He had carefully watched the proceedings of the sergeant, and noted the particular tree to which he had tied the bay mare, and what disposition he had made of his saddle and bridle. The former he had taken to his fire and appropriated for a pillow, the other had been laid carefully across a log near where the mare was fastened.

It was about midnight when Watson moved gently from the side of the lieutenant, and approached the slumbering embers of the fire. These he began to kick together, making no small amount of noise. No one stirred. All were sleeping off the fatigues of the previous day. His intention was to pretend chilliness, if any of the guerrillas should prove to be awake. He now returned to his sleeping companion, and insinuating his hand beneath the skirt of his saddle, drew out the lieutenant's revolver from its leathern sheath and slipped it into the waist of his own pantaloons. Watson's next move was to gradually slip off the top blanket covering the officer, and carefully fold it and place it under his arm. Thus far all had gone well. He now approached the spot where the sergeant had tied his blood-bay. He must have come too suddenly upon her, for the animal, double startling from slumber, threw herself back upon her haunches, with a loud snort of alarm.

'This,' said the doctor afterward, 'was the most critical moment of my life.' He instantly dropped into a stooping position behind the bay, expecting nothing else than that the sergeant, who watched his pet with great solicitude, would be aroused by the sound and come to the spot. But after waiting some moments and all continuing quiet the Doctor again approached the animal. She had by this time become partially reconciled to his presence. With low, soothing words he laid his hands on her mane, then reached for the bridle and arranged it on her head. Next he placed the folded blanket on the mare's back and was about to untie the halter but it having rained a little during the early part of the night and the horse having tightened the knot by springing back, he found it impossible to undo it. But thinking of his knife, which he fortunately had retained, the halter was cut close to the headstall, and the animal was loose. Leading her gently to the side of the log, Watson sprang to her back and walking her carefully along the narrow trail that lead to the main road, felt himself once more a freeman.

'As soon as I reached the road,' said he, 'and gave her the rein and felt her muscles move under me, I knew I was all right. I could bid defiance to the guerrillas. I had no doubt they would pursue me when my flight was known; the sergeant would do his best to recover his beautiful mare. But he had seen the last of her, for by daylight forty miles lay between her and the spot where he had tied her.'

Ten o'clock the next morning, after so unceremoniously leaving the guerrilla camp, our friend was crossing the bridge of the Tuscumbia, then guarded by the Union picket.

'Was the guerrilla lieutenant really asleep all the time?' we once asked the doctor, on hearing his story. 'Can't say,' was the answer, 'but he snored like a high-pressure steamer.'—St. Louis Magazine.

Mrs. Dahlgren, the widow of the Admiral, has for seven years past lived at her country seat near South Mountain. She owns nearly 8,000 acres of land in Maryland.

General A. P. Norton, formerly Adjutant General of the state of Texas, was the only editor in the South who published the inaugural message of President Lincoln.